That Motorbike Ride

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That Motorbike Ride

by lefemmerouge

Summary

An international thief named Carmen Sandiego and a buff woman named Lara Croft, who raids tombs, go on a ride on Carmen's motorbike together. Even though both have women they love, as the ride continues, each one starts to experience feelings for the other, although they do their best to hide their affections from each other.

Notes

Hey everyone! Recently I received a comment (this is currently available) on of my favorite fics I've written, entitled "Crofting a Way Forward?: Lara, Artifact Theft, and the Red Woman" (added to the inspirations) back in late October 2024. Rather than trying to expand the fic with an edit, I decided to write a fic to focus on the motorcycle ride that Lara and Carmen had and their feelings for one another. For more of the background of why she was injured, I'd recommend reading the fic in the inspirations. I finished writing the first draft on Feb. 12th and the final draft on Feb. 14th.

Comments would be deeply appreciated. Concrit is also welcome.

This fic was cross-posted on AO3 here on March 5th with AO3 was reliably back online according to OTW Status (which had previously said "We expect the site will go back down, although we don't know when that will happen"). Prior to that time this fic was cross-posted on a certain fanfic site under the same name, where it garnered over 10 hits. The text was slightly updated and improved on 3/5/26.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Crofting a Way Forward?: Lara, Artifact Theft, and the Red Woman by lefemmerouge

Lara didn't want to be in the U.S. *Not at all.* She had somehow ended up at the secret base of an international thief named Carmen Sandiego, in... San Francisco. She had, long ago, begun self-education on the horrors of imperialism, and capitalism. She *hated* what the U.S. had done across the world. Carmen had agreed with her, but noted that this was where she lived. She wasn't aware that the red woman had a *lot* of gay vibes. Lara couldn't believe she had told this woman about Sam or about the "interesting relationship" she had with Eva Tong. She didn't even know her! She had been surprised to hear that the thief had a girlfriend: a curator in Canada named Julia Argent.

When she saw the nearby reddish motorbike, it brought back her many memories of riding by herself and with Sam. Lara had been friends with Sam for some time. She clearly had feelings for her, even though she had not confessed how she felt before Sam disappeared. These memories immediately popped into Lara's head. She was still injured from the hand-to-hand combat in a cave over a precious artifact with the red woman all those days before. As such, she needed to get the artifact back so she could save the woman she loved. She didn't care much about the ethics of *who* got the precious object or not. Carmen helped her get onto the vehicle.

She detested narrow seats. This motorbike, a classic 1976 Kawasaki KZ900, had been purchased by the thief at a police auction. It was flashy and shined brightly. She didn't know if it really was that comfortable or not. Carmen said softly, "You are gonna have to put your arms around me...unless you want me to buckle you in." While the bike had a big back seat, that was where Carmen's gear went. So, she had no choice: squeezing behind Carmen was the *only* option.

Lara had no idea what this devious thief was thinking, or why she said what she did, but she detested seatbelts with an intense passion. They were no help when she was on a chase. She knew that they saved lives. That much was obvious. However, she felt extremely constrained by them. She felt like they hemmed her in. Not sure what else to say, she blurted out: "I'll...uh...put my arms around you...I always like to hug cute and stylish women."

Carmen didn't know how to interpret that remark. Her face started to get flushed. She started up the bike. It quickly sped down the road. They were en route to a secret location where they'd catch a red-eye and travel to Toronto, then meet Julia there. As Lara squeezed behind Carmen, she felt the Latina's slender frame. She was immediately reminded of the woman she loved so deeply, the *one and only* Sam. Although Carmen was not Sam, Carmen was alive, lively, and real. She immediately felt warmth from holding her. There was no denying it. It

was electrifying. There was no question: this thief was her savior of sorts. What would have happened if someone had kidnapped her... for *real*...?

Without a doubt, this thief was charming. And to have that girl, a woman to be precise, between her muscled thighs, she felt a sensation burning within her. She could see what Zip meant about her. The thought came into her mind. She could be with this woman romantically if her relationship with Sam didn't work out, if it fell apart into nothing. She shouldn't be having these thoughts about her, right? She should be thinking about the mission and Sam instead. She tried to clear her mind and dismiss her affections. She did not want to make this any more complicated than it already was. Once she got what she needed, she'd part ways with her. That would be it. They'd never see each other again.

At the same time, maybe it couldn't hurt. She was internally conflicted. What should she do? Was it right to have feelings for her? Or was she betraying Sam? Little did she know but Carmen was having a similar internal battle of her own. She had been taken by the large frame of Lara and her buff arms, which wrapped around her. That was all certainly *something*, but what really made her flushed, more than anything, was her active imagination. What it would be like to dance with this Brit? What would it feel like? She couldn't stop thinking about it. Her thoughts were so filled with what it could be between her and Lara that she almost ran through a red light. Luckily, she stopped herself in time.

As Lara was about to ask if she was okay, Carmen blurted out, "I'm fine. Don't worry...I just got momentarily *distracted*." The Brit wasn't sure what to say. She knew this was unusual, even for this thief. But what exactly was it? She didn't want to pry. Instead, she tried to reassure her, hoping this would help her concentrate better on the task at hand. "It's okay. It happens from time to time." She *couldn't help* but see this Latina as cute and a real *bella donna*. As for Carmen, she kept asking herself *why* she felt this way. She had her own lovely girlfriend. And she'd be visiting her soon. Why was she thinking of Lara like this? She didn't know herself. It was all so confusing! So, she did her best to brush the feelings aside. She was determined that riding with Lara would only be a friendly gesture. It wouldn't be anything more. Whether it would remain simple friendliness or something else would be up to her... and Lara.

End Notes

I read two mature fics with Lara and Carmen, specifically "Lara and Carmen Take a Dip" and "Lara's Real Treasure," both by MasterOfMemez96, the only two fics that feature them together apart from my own fic, "Crofting a Way Forward?: Lara, Artifact Theft, and the Red Woman" and my other fic, "Sweet Revenge... Served Hot?: Penelope's Anger, Carmen's Bold Theft, Lara's Shock, and Sam's Concern." However, this short fic is different from that in more ways than one.

Works inspired by this one

Crofting a Way Forward?: Lara, Artifact Theft, and the Red Woman [Updated Version] by lefemmerouge

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!